

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VIII. St. Joseph's College, April 12, 1916.

No. 14

Half Past the V at Collegeville.

Once more hop out of bed, dear friends,
once more,
Or go the whole day and eat breakfast
not!
At night there's nothing so becomes a
man,
As to be quiet and take needed rest;
But when the call to rise falls on your
ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Make one huge spring and throw the
bed-clothes high.
Conquer your likings with determined
will,
Now set the teeth and brave the frigid
air,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up
every spirit
To his full height—On, on, you noblest
students,
Who have been doing thus since last
September!
I see you cling like weaklings to your
beds,
Making the most of time. The time is
short!
Follow your spirit, and upon your knees
Repent—while we, the brave, eat just
whate'er we please!

Play Held on All Fools' Day.

Enter the fellow who rises early and
walks out of the dorm full shod, attend-
ed by the fellow who comes into the
dorm late and walks in full shod, and
also by the fellow who casts his vote
against foot tubs.

Pistol shot—Quick curtain.

This play was well attended and drew
many shoes, hisses, pillows, etc., from
the audience. Music rendered by Willie
Deutsch and Company.

Special!

We have just received a fresh ship-
ment of Easter candies and some very
beautiful box candy. We will handle
ice cream and pop most of the time
from now until the close of school.

Collegeville Candy Co.,
511 Sweet Place.

When College Sports Get Together.

Goeckler: "Say, Greg, what in your
opinion is the most nervous thing, next
to a girl?"

Greg Miller: "Why, I'm the most
nervous thing—next to a girl!"

Deutch: "I know where you got your
new Easter tie."

Hermiller: "Where?"

Deutsch: "On your neck."

Hermiller: "Now, Willie, you just
quit that!"

Falk (hurriedly entering poolroom):
"Am I on the table?"

De Jaco, "Why, no—you're on the
floor."

Strecker: "Slap him on the wrist,
Falk."

Scheuer discovered using short water
hose in lavatory.

Enter Loughrey: "Where did you get
the socks, Scheuer?"

Scheuer (aside) "What can he mean?
Let me see. Socks, socks, socks,—ah!
I see! Hose, short hose, socks—socks!"
(Aloud) "Hee-Hee-Har-Har-Har!"

Leriger. "Where does all the refuse
go?"

McGinn (feeling poetical on account
of his new job as manager): Dear friend,
I cannot tell you, but maybe the gar-
bage can."

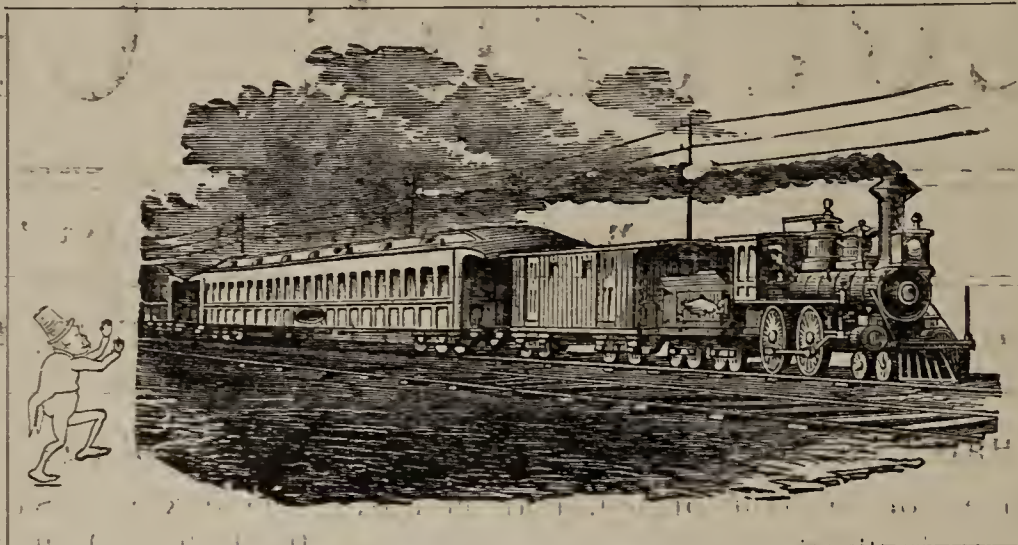
The Junior baseball enthusiasts were
lucky in obtaining a good manager for
this season. Walter McGinn is the
man selected.

Spring Fever.

The warm zephyrs are again rustling
in the tree tops. The robins are flit-
ting about chirping their merry melody.
As always is the case with the good of
spring comes the baneful influence of
the languid fever. The flush of enthu-
siasm dies out, and is replaced by the
desire to sit under a tree and rest at
ease. Beware the bug, lest he bite
you.

They're Off!

The gold rush to California has nothing on the rush to the train at the beginning of vacation. In the olden times when the lure of gold enticed men to leave their home and travel many miles overland, the burros carried the load. In the modern train rush each student is his own pack mule and glad to be so, although it must be confessed that some of the fellows look like anything but a gentle little burro. With head held high and face flushed, Curby and Bruin, the Siamese twins, trundle along with their suitcases of generous proportions and blithely step into Rensselaer on their way to the train. Watch the smile grow on their faces as they near the College Inn. Will they enter? They will. Curby said he would take a porterhouse steak with potatoes as a starter. Bruin thought he would go a little light, so he ordered only an oyster fry, three fried eggs and a cup of coffee. After this little lunch (little for them), they again took up the rush for the train. What was their chagrin when they arrived at the station to find that the train was thirty minutes late. Visions of monstrous steaks smothered in onions passed through Curby's mind, while Bruin was already hunting a machine to go back to the restaurant.



All Aboard!

HURRAH! we're off for home again,
To get a little rest.
We've dropped the text-book and
the pen,
And togged up at our best.
In dear old St. Joe's stately halls,
Our forms you will not see,
Nor will we hear the class bell's calls,
Familiar though they be.
Far off among our native towers
We'll rest our hard worked brains.
Recuperate our shattered powers
From all scholastic strains.
Toot! toot! The Monon's coming in.
Hop on your horse of steel!
One week will see us back again,
To work with added zeal.
Nine good long rahs for old St. Joe!
Nine rahs, and then we'll hike 'er!
Be jolly sure, where'er you go,
You'll find no other like 'er!

Easter greetings from Beck & Stewart.

Odds and Ends.

What kind of beer do they Bruin Ky?
While trying to find his bed in the dark, Beckert his toe.

Leave me alone or you will get my Bignani.

Felix is the name of a well known Fortin Collegeville.

We couldn't get along without our Miehl.

There is always something Bruin when Falstaff appears.

If you're on a Hunt for squirrels and can't find any just grin and Barrett.

I always drink beer from a Silverstein.

I think father should Lambert
Maher should wear his Wigmore.

You ought to Cecil play basketball.

The Ray of the sun Schon on the Castles of the Koenig from Deutsch land on the Ryan, while he was at the Harbor overlooking the Hessions.

Tennis Talk.

Anthony Tompkins was appointed general manager of tennis and has been busy lately getting the courts in good condition. No student need feel backward in assisting him at this work. Mr. Tompkins intends, with the proper co-operation of the students, to bring tennis more to the front this year. His plans so far are to arrange inter-class tournaments, the same as is done in basketball, etc. A captain will be selected for each class, whose duties shall be to choose a winning team and to aid in keeping the court in excellent playing condition. Each class has several good players and there should be much interest taken in tennis this year.

Managers for the individual courts are: Court A, Anthony Tompkins; Court B, John Ryan; Court C, James Walsh; Court D, James Larkin.

Duck in and try our salted peanuts.—Beck and Stewart Co.

COLLEGE CHEER

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Editorials

“YEA, bo, only six more days!”
“Wait till this time next week!”

Such expressions are to be heard on all sides today and remind us that Easter vacation is near at hand. By these remarks the students show how pleasing the prospect of a vacation is to them. For a vacation means that they will see their parents, sisters and brothers once again; that they can meet all their former chums and can revisit all their old haunts. It is for such reasons that they rejoice. But, ask the average man out in the world why it is that college students are so anxious to go home, and he will say it is because they will again have an opportunity of indulging in all sorts of pleasures, such as the use of liquors, cigarette smoking, calling on lady acquaintances, etc.—which are necessarily excluded from college life. And indeed there may be much truth in his belief, but we feel sure that no students of old St. Joe will ever be an exemplification of his veracity. For St. Joe is a Catholic college, where Catholic students are not only educated in the secular branches, but where they are also taught what it means to be a real gentleman, a man able to take care of himself; and not a weakling who gives way to every temptation to evil. No. Just as they have always fought nobly to maintain the athletic standing of their alma mater, so also will the students of St. Joe by their every action ever uphold her reputation as a model Catholic institution.

Free to All.

And now we are coming to the most pleasant part of the school year, to the season during which we have to be outdoors with our sleeves rolled up and our collars turned down, enjoying to the utmost the beauty and grandeur of nature. Soon June and Commencement will roll around, and then each one of us will consider the results of his past year at college. We will all lament that the time has fled so soon. However, he who has worked faithfully all

year will be joyful and glad to have a lull in his labors, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty. But to him who has dragged along—a hanger-on—the knowledge that he has not used his opportunities will be a source of unhappiness, and he will feel all the sadness of “it might have been.” When he who has squandered the past year sits in his seat and watches fellows of even less talent than himself ascend the stage and receive medals for excellence, his feelings are far from the happiest. Alas! it is too late to apply the remedy then. Right now, however, it is not too late. We are on the home stretch. Spurt, and you can make it! No matter how difficult, how seemingly futile the endeavor, if you can say to yourself on Commencement day, “I have done my best,” you will feel yourself rewarded a hundredfold.

Ambition.

What is it that stirs us on in everything we do; be it the composition of a Greek poem or the solving of a difficult problem in trig? It is ambition. On all sides we see men struggling in the toils of ambition. From the noble self-lauding purpose of Napoleon down to the man who rolls a peanut with his ear across a clubroom floor can be traced the thread of ambition. Each and every one of us has the same purpose in life. We all have some end in view for which we are daily striving. The crook on the corner envies the rich man rolling past in his machine and longs to engineer a great coup which would place him in the class of the livers in luxury. The little boy on the street corner admires the blue-coated, brass button speckled guardian of the law, and in his infant mind pictures himself as occupying such a post in years to come. All these are but examples of that insinuating something that urges one to become what he would like to be. Let everyone but choose an honorable position in life. If he will then nourish the flame of desire by the fuel of ambition, nothing will be able to keep him from the goal.

Obituary.

Raymond Schwartz, a student member of the C. P. S., died at his home in Cleveland, O., on April 3. For some months Mr. Schwartz had been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, and was taken from the College to a hospital in Chicago for treatment. He was eighteen years old, and had been a student two years. He will be remembered as a pleasant, studious and obedient youth. R. I. P.

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